



































Well Casing - in field below  
bridge on Buckleys - Still there  
about 1 1/2 ft. out of ground - well  
used for Comm. that was there then.

Susie & Glenn Can add to or  
Contradict my versions, Since they  
are older than I am.

School House on Dry Creek - <sup>from end</sup> <sup>to road</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>place</sup> <sup>the</sup>  
Edna taught there some - Bill  
McNeil posses game land.

Electricity Came to Buckeye in <sup>June</sup> '39  
Capt. Kellingsworth - D. & W. W. Graham  
Bill Rogers  
big salesmen - 3.00 per m. per mile  
as far as Bill Rogers - for took it  
to Paul's Denean present home at our  
expense.

1916-17-18 <sup>model</sup> ~~road~~ Care in the East  
of Caertry - Indian trails used as roads  
2 in our places.

Norman Rose - 14 yrs - 13<sup>th</sup> Airplane  
He saw one over - field over towards  
old house.

Monument being erected - <sup>this Jan</sup> <sup>1969</sup> <sup>1970</sup>  
Pioneer Settler of Swago - was  
Thomas McNeil - Pioneer History

Well Casing - in field below  
bridge on Buckleys - Still there  
About  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ft. over ground - well  
Used for Comm. that was there then.



Susie or Glenn can add to or  
contradict my version, Since they  
are older than I am.

Lower end  
of D. 100 ft  
from

School House on Dry Creek - West  
Edna taught there some - Bill  
Mr. Will possess the land.

June

Mr. Neil Josselyn gave land.

Electricity Came to Buckeye in <sup>June</sup> '39

Capt. Killingsworth - P.D. & W.W. Graham

Bill Rogers  
Big Sales either - 3<sup>00</sup> - per Mo. per mile

as far as Bill Rogers - Joe took it  
to Paul's Dancin' present home at our  
Expense.

15<sup>+</sup> Model

of Country - Indian trails used as roads  
2 in our places.

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this Jan  
1769<sup>th</sup>

Monument being erected -  
Pioneer Settler of Swago - was  
Thomas McNeill - Pioneer History



93

# Spring Cleaning

By Louise McNeill

Just one of the great West Virginians when laureate Louise McNeill was buried on June 9, 1993 — West Virginia Day, naturally enough — long life overlapped the entire history of GOLDENSEAL, and we were proud to have had opportunity to bring some of her prose into

the world. Her favorite was "Spring Cleaning," a previously published manuscript she drew from her files in life, like most of her prose this story deals with the Pocahontas County homeplace which she has treasured since Revolutionary War



Mother Grace McNeill, shown here (right) with sister Fanny, never did it this way for the annual housecleaning.

in those gentle years, 1890-1920, our Pocahontas County household was relaxed. For despite the Great Granny's temper-fits, Mama's annual bouts of housecleaning, our life still moved to the slow, rhythmic of the seasons, and the roof of our cottage in meadow the sun fell and the snow gently, and summer rain.

It was a country school-teacher later a principal and a good, even great, at that. He was also a part-time farmer with a pocket and a dream in his name was George McNeill. Nearly every neighborhood called "but not to his face," once been a school-teacher, but now she was a cook, gardener, seamstress, maid, pig woman, sewer, blackberry pie-maker, moreover, my mother she hated it every day

and every season, but particularly when the spring sunshine came in to show it up. So every May or early June she must hold her great spring housecleaning, a rigorous and ancient ritual which we must celebrate from before daybreak until after dead dark.

Not like later when someone would come in to wash the woodwork in my house, Windex my windows, and I'd log the box of dusty Christmas decorations upstairs. No, my mother, when she spring housecleaned, spring housecleaned, and there was nothing casual in her touch.

On that morning, chosen by moon signs for its promise of "warm and sunny," Mama would be up long before daylight, shaking the kitchen range down, grinding her coffee, putting on the bacon and eggs. Then, breakfast over, we would hurry out to do the milking, strain the milk, slop the hogs, feed the chickens, and start carrying in, by way of three-gallon buckets, a barrel of water from the spring. Then a fire would be built at the wash place

and two 20-gallon kettles of water put on to boil.

By then the sun would be up, the yard grass drying, and the fire gone out in the kitchen range. When the stove cooled sufficiently, with G. D. helping, we would pick it up and, with great labor and puffing, carry it out into the yard. This done, it was time for G. D. to go off to his manwork, though sometimes, as a boon to Mama's intentions, he would hire a sturdy neighbor woman who would come across the field at sun-up, happy to work for 35 cents a day.

Thus supported and often with brother Ward, too, staying around to add his carrying power to the festivities, Mama would begin to transfer all our goods and chattels from house to yard. For this was the old custom, to carry every lock, stock, and bobble out of the house, set the wild collection down on the yard grass, scrub it or dust it and sun it, and then, in the late evening, the inside of the house by then scrubbed and squeaky clean, to carry everything back in.



Grace McNeill, shown here (right) with sister Neva, dressed this way for the annual housecleaning.

arly and two 20-gallon kettles of water  
in to put on to boil.

arly By then the sun would be up, the  
fine used to be in the house.





Perhaps the labor was not actually as heavy as it now seems to me, for we had only wooden furniture, and Grandpa's black walnut dining table was only eight feet long, the living-room parlor stove easy enough for four people to carry, and, besides, the day itself gave forth its air of singular flurry and excitement, of new beginnings and hot soapuds and cleansing sun.

The first thing Mama would do was to get the parlor stove out and stored for the summer in the smokehouse. Then she would take a hammer and screwdriver and start her attack on the windows — the small-paned, cordless variety — for they must be removed, their casing strips running down with them; then all the windows lugged out carefully into the dooryard and leaned up against the plank fence to receive their ablutions of warm water and homemade soap.

Then all the furniture, odds and ends, rugs, books, and dishes must be carried or dragged out onto the yard grass and the clothes hung on the clothesline to sun. This great out-going would include, of course, all the old-fashioned beds, with their slats, springs, leather ticks and straw ticks — a mass of wood, metal and stoved ticking that would be scattered in a confused tangle all across the front yard.

Then the cleaning would begin with buckets of hot water from the boiling kettle and buckets of clean cold water for the rinse. And, of course, into the hot water Mama

would put handfuls of her soft homemade soap, that brownropy substance that she and Granny — in its own season — had made from hog grease and ash lye. This soft soap, along with its peculiar clean stink, was the very center of cleansing day and the very cleaning process itself — the bedsteads to be washed with it and the windows and even the inside of the dresser drawers — so that now its strange brown smell comes back to me, but it is not the scent of cinnamon rose. Instead, it is a wild, brown, acid, slightly chemical smell, with a taint of rancid hog grease in it and with that sweet fragrance of childhood memory, soapuds and joy and springtime sun. And a world away from "ring around the collar," Downy, Tide, and Cheer.

Mama would be pouring soapuds on the glass of the windows and washing them off with an old rag. Then she would turn the windows over, wash the other side, slosh buckets of cold rinse water on them, and leave them drying in the sun.

Usually during this initial stage of the festivities, Ward would be patiently cleaning out the kitchen stove and stovepipe with a wire and sticks and an old feather duster, the winter's collection of soot floating dangerously close to the clothesline, and the old dog barking his excitement; the clothes flapping merrily on the line.

The hired woman, left inside the house, would be scrubbing the wide-board floors, dusting the

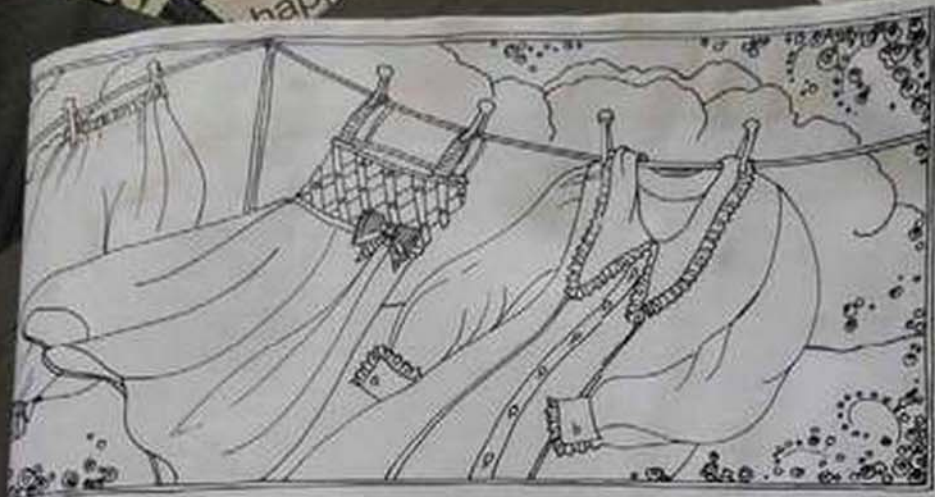
walls and ceilings with a ragged broom, and washing the painted woodwork with suds and brown soap.

Elizabeth and I might be assigned to "red up" the dresser drawers, wash the trunks of kitchen utensils, and wipe off G. D.'s multiplying tribe of books. As we cleaned the drawers, there was one drawer we must never open. It was the right-hand upper drawer of Grandpa's black walnut highboy — the drawer that was never opened except by the Master of the House. That was G. D., and G. D. was to town or far off in the field someplace.

We knew Grandpa as the Captain, from his Civil War service; in the drawer was never opened because it was "the Captain's drawer," though by 1920 — say 1920 was the year of this specific cleaning — the old Captain had been dead for many years. But his drawer was never opened, and not opened now, either, except by the oldest male member — because it is the Captain's drawer. So, back then, Elizabeth and I would hearken and refill the sheets and pillowcases in the lower part of the highboy and then come washing the endless dishes and endless pots and pans.

By now — getting on toward noon — Ward would be filling the clothes ticks with the new straw from the straw tick, and Mama would be them up with a darning needle and twine thread. Then the old stove, thrown into the hog pen and the scrubbing and scrubbing would give us





Granny, meanwhile, for she was always on her own individual edge of the activity, would be going over the bedsprings and all the bed ticks and crannies, going over them in that ancient routine of the mountains, with a turkey feather dipped in turpentine. For turpentine is death on bedbugs, and Granny was always certain that our beds had been colonized by the little, red, bloodsucking bugs. The old argument was one of the most sources of friction between Granny and Mama, for Mama insisted that there were no bedbugs, while Granny insisted that there were whole settlements of them and would spend half a day with her turkey feather going in and out of all the cracks and crannies in her old punter routine. Next she would slosh the bedsteads with buckets of soapy water, and then get her a big stick and start beating and flailing at the rugs.

The rugs, with one exception, Mama's 8-by-12 from the floor of the parlor, were not rugs, actually, but home-woven cotton carpets, the ones that Lydia Allen, up on Dry Creek, wove on her great clacking loom. None of the women of our house could weave carpets now — the old skills passing slowly and silently — but Lydia Allen could still weave, and also Grandma Susan and Cousin Mahalia, though Lydia did most of the neighborhood carpets now.

So Mama, when new carpet was needed, would cut carpet rags in

the winter, cutting their long strips from pieces of worn-out clothing, then sewing the strips together, and winding them into great basketball-sized balls. Then she would carry the great soft multicolored balls up the creek to Lydia, and, when the carpet was woven, would nail it down on the floor with carpet tacks, the old square-topped kind.

These carpet tacks, though only around the carpet edges, could wreak havoc on a child's bare feet, and turpentine would have to be poured down into the little puncture holes. Then, too, this carpet would become, during a long year's season, a great catch-all for dust and dirt. And though Mama all year, on her day of Saturday cleaning, would sprinkle salt and water on the carpet and sweep up the yellow, dirty salt, still the carpet was a dusty catch-all, and on spring cleaning day must be taken up from the floor, drug out into the yard, then beaten and turned over, and beaten again with all of Granny's fury, while the dust rose from it in yellow fogs, and the dog barked, and the chickens ran and cackled, and the wham-wham of Granny's beating stick echoed against the smokehouse wall.

At noontime we would hurriedly eat the cold lunch Mama had prepared for the occasion and then hurry back to the conflict. The window curtains must be washed and stretched, the washing clothes carried back into the house to their pegs and to our one closet, so that

the scatter rugs could be put on the clothesline and beaten with paddles and sticks.

By now the hired woman would have the inside of the house all clean and soap-smelling, and we could begin to carry in our gear. The heavy old carpet came first, and we would drag it heavily and pull it into place. Then Mama and Ward, crawling on their knees, would attempt to stretch it and tack it down, thus to cover up, for another dusty season, the old Captain's wide-board cherry floor.

It would be almost dusk when we sat down to supper, and the cows still to be milked, the eggs still to be gathered, but Mama would glance around the dining room with a look of weary satisfaction. For though the ceiling still leaked, and the old wallpaper still hung in bubbles, the room was full of soap and sweetness. Then one time, I remember Mama going into the Captain's room in the twilight and setting up in the very middle of the table a bunch of pink flowers in her pretty glass dish. And all the room smelled of sweet flowers and brown soap and sunlight, and I can smell it now, and the harsh old brown soap smell makes the tears sting in my eyes.

The empty scrubbed rooms of the house would seem, at this juncture, very big and silent, with all their people gone. I would walk through the echoing rooms, smelling the soap and soap, and then, staring into the corners, would sense the presence of the old Captain as he had worked.

pounding and sawing here in the kitchen — just back from Yan-  
kee Point, so many years ago.  
The stove would call me from  
the wilderness. It was time to carry  
in the fireplace, to install the win-  
dows, and hang the clean curtains  
on their wooden rods. So our drag-  
ging and piling would begin all  
over. Then Mama would take — as  
all women must take — a spell of  
rearranging the furniture, a fit  
which would double the burden  
and require the transfer of dress-  
ers, tables, and what-else of vari-  
ous kind. But the Captain's black  
walnut highboy would always be  
put back into its exact old place  
against the wall, and the carved  
handle of its upper right-hand  
drawer would stare out at me, say-  
ing, "Do Not Touch. I am the  
Captain's Drawer."

After Mama's shifting and star-  
ing were over, we would carry the  
goat back into the kitchen — the  
stove still absent — and rearrange  
the cupboard shelves. Then the beds  
must be put together; their side  
pieces knocked into their places  
with a hammer, and the slats laid  
on the springs, the straw tick, then  
the feather tick — in that order; and  
then the beds made up for the night.  
And the shining windows rein-  
stalled with nails and hammer, and  
the sweet-smelling curtains hung.

Then, by late supper time, G. D.  
would come to help carry the range

back into the kitchen and — after  
an immortal struggle — manage to  
get the stovepipe into its hole.

But all of Mama's housecleanings  
did not go as smooth and sunny as  
this one typical day. One time a  
sudden rainstorm swooped down  
on us from Bridger's Mountain, with  
Mama running to gather up G. D.'s  
books, yelling at us to "get in the  
feather ticks" and the rain inundat-  
ing a great scattering of our house-  
hold effects.

Then that other and historic day  
when G. D. arrived at late noon  
hour to announce calmly that State  
School Superintendent Maurice P.  
Shawkey was arriving for a fried  
chicken supper at half past six. It  
was this day that G. D. helped us  
carry in the furniture, helped nail  
down the carpet, labored manfully  
to get the window strips back in  
place. And all of us kids running  
back and forth for loads of old coats,  
kitchen equipment, shirts and neck-  
ties, leather volumes of Charles  
Dickens, chamber pots, bed ticks,  
spice boxes — and G. D. pounding  
the kitchen stovepipe into its black,  
ill-fitting hole.

By four o'clock the house was fur-  
nished, though the spice boxes were  
under the bed and the empty straw  
ticks stuffed into the closet. The  
beds looked a little low, of course,  
and the curtains wrinkled; but the  
fire was flickering in the kitchen  
stove, and Mama was out in the big

yard, ready to direct us as we ran  
the doomed chickens down. She  
selected three fairly young red  
roosters and set us on the trail.  
Around and around the big yard  
we pursued the first one, the  
rooster, his head up like a plumed  
Indian, running with his legs high  
and squawking wildly and dou-  
bling out and in. Round and round  
the yard and then round and round  
the chicken house, and the dog with  
his death howl, and Mama flap-  
ping her apron on the turns.

But finally he was cornered, then  
his two wild brothers with him, and  
all three carried, squawking and  
flailing, to the chopping block,  
where Mama dispatched them, in  
turn, with one practiced flash of  
the ax; then popped them into a  
scalding kettle, jerked their feath-  
ers off in big handfuls; and — light-  
ing a copy of the *Telegraph Blade* —  
singed them with the flaming head-  
lines; and then rushed, her eyes cold  
and her apron bloody, into the  
kitchen to gut them, cut them, and  
pop them into the pot.

At 6:30, while G. D. and State  
Superintendent Shawkey sat in the  
parlor talking, Mama was setting  
down in front of G. D.'s plate at the  
dining table a great platter of  
golden-brown fried chicken, then  
adding her dishes of creamy mashed  
potatoes, gravy, canned green  
beans, spiced peaches, pickles, and  
hot biscuits, and warm blackberry  
pie. As she moved around the table  
in her clean starched apron, she  
seemed — except for the strange  
gleam in her gentle blue eyes — as  
quiet as a rose.

Then she went in and invited the  
two men to supper, apologizing for  
her biscuits as they sat down. When  
we were all pulled up to the table  
and our starched napkins unfolded,  
G. D. cleared his throat and asked  
Superintendent Shawkey to say the  
grace.

"Thank you for the blessings of  
this day, bless this food to us  
use." And Mama sitting there with  
her hands folded and her head bowed  
devoutly in prayer. For, as she was  
to say, "Cleanliness is next to God-  
liness," and "Many hands make  
light work." ✱

From Volume 19, number 1, Spring  
1993

### Louise McNeill's Last Book



In September 1994 the University  
of Pittsburgh Press published  
Louise McNeill's *Fermi Buffalo*, an  
extensive collection of the late-  
poet laureate's favorite poems.  
*Fermi Buffalo* was the project  
which provided excitement to  
McNeill's later years. The title re-  
flects a fascination which McNeill  
— an historian whose son is a  
physician — came to have with the  
contrast of the mythic past and  
the wonder of science, repre-  
sented here by the buffalo roam-  
ing the grounds of the Fermi  
Nuclear Accelerator in Illinois.

As always, her poems range

from the profound to the playful,  
some as short as the three lines  
she called "Couple".

You have not changed —  
for Time is kind;  
Your face — to me —  
is never frow;  
As you grow wrinkled,  
I grow blind.

McNeill collaborated with Char-  
leson writer Topper Sherwood  
in preparing the manuscript for  
the book.

*Fermi Buffalo*, 91 pages, sells for  
\$29.95 in hardback and \$12.95 in  
paperback. The book may be pur-  
chased in bookstores or from the  
University of Pittsburgh Press,  
127 North Bellefield Avenue,  
Pittsburgh, PA 15260.



## Louise McNeill's Last Book



In September 1994 the University of Pittsburgh Press published Louise McNeill's *Fermi Buffalo*, an extensive collection of the late poet laureate's favorite poems.

*Fermi Buffalo* was the project which provided excitement to McNeill's later years. The title reflects a fascination which McNeill — an historian whose son is a physicist — came to have with the contrast of the mythic past and the wonder of science, represented here by the buffalo roaming the grounds of the Fermi Nuclear Accelerator in Illinois.

As always, her poems range

from the profound to the playful, some as short as the three lines she called "Couple":

You have not changed —  
for Time is kind;  
Your face — to me —  
is never lined;  
As you grow wrinkled,  
I grow blind.

McNeill collaborated with Charleston writer Topper Sherwood in preparing the manuscript for the book.

*Fermi Buffalo*, 91 pages, sells for \$29.95 in hardback and \$12.95 in paperback. The book may be purchased in bookstores or from the University of Pittsburgh Press, 127 North Bellefield Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15260.

not biscuits, and pie. As she moved in her clean state seemed — except gleam in her green quiet as a rose.

Then she went two men to support her biscuits as though we were all pulling and our starched G. D. cleared his Superintendent's grace.

"Thank you for this day; bless use..." And Mar her hands folded devoutly in prayer to say, "Cleanliness," and "light work." ❧

From Volume 1  
1993

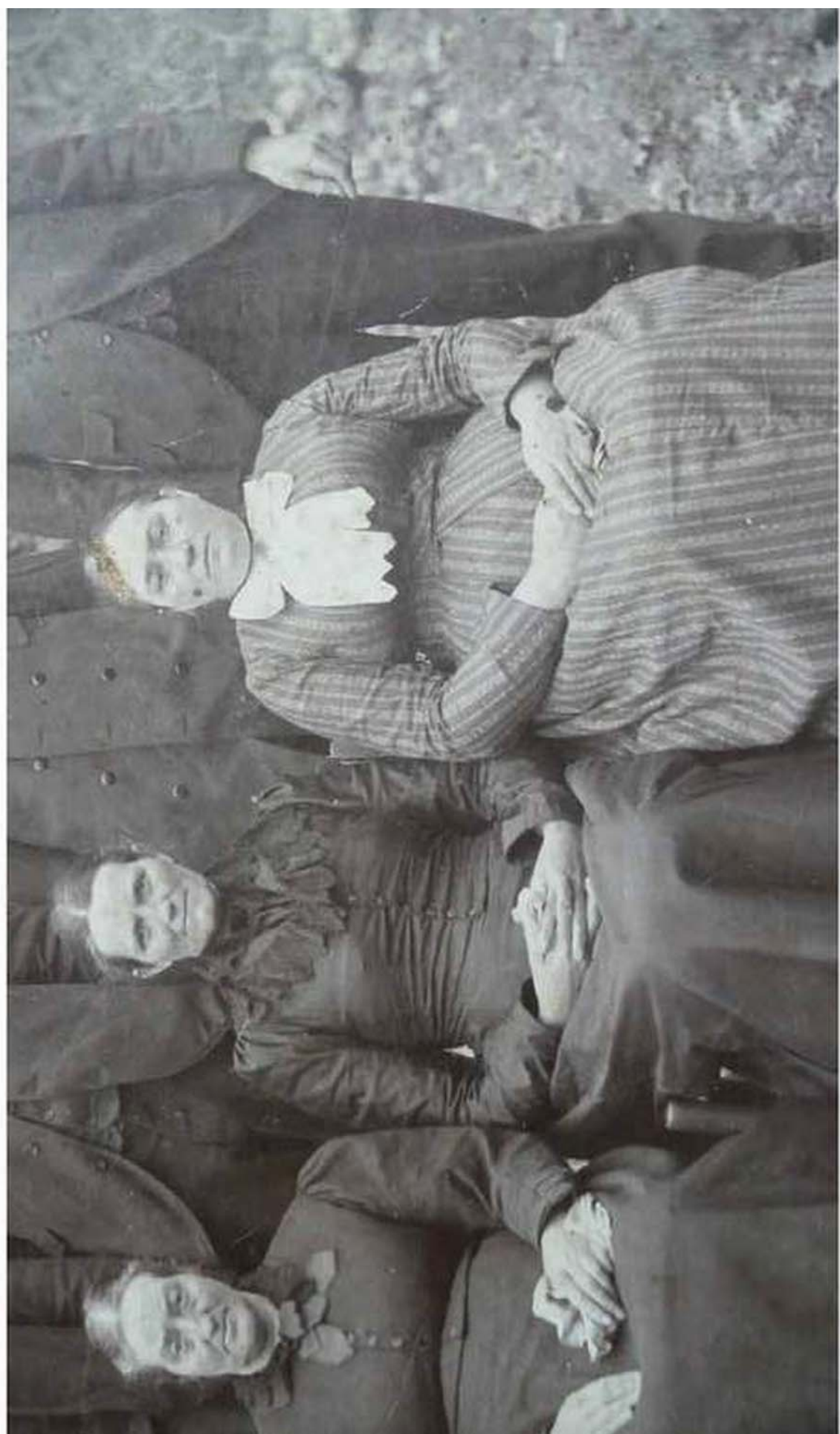


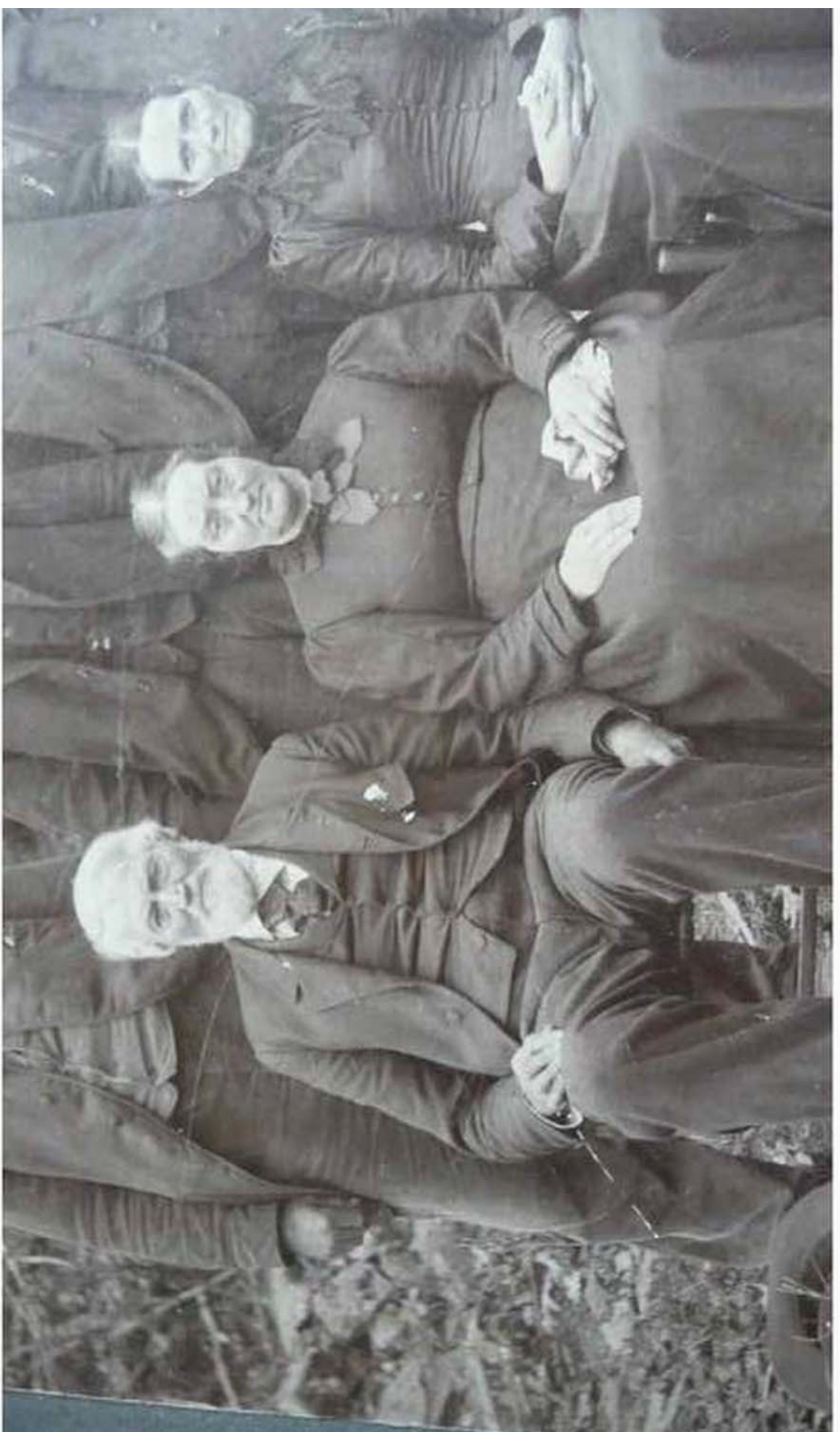




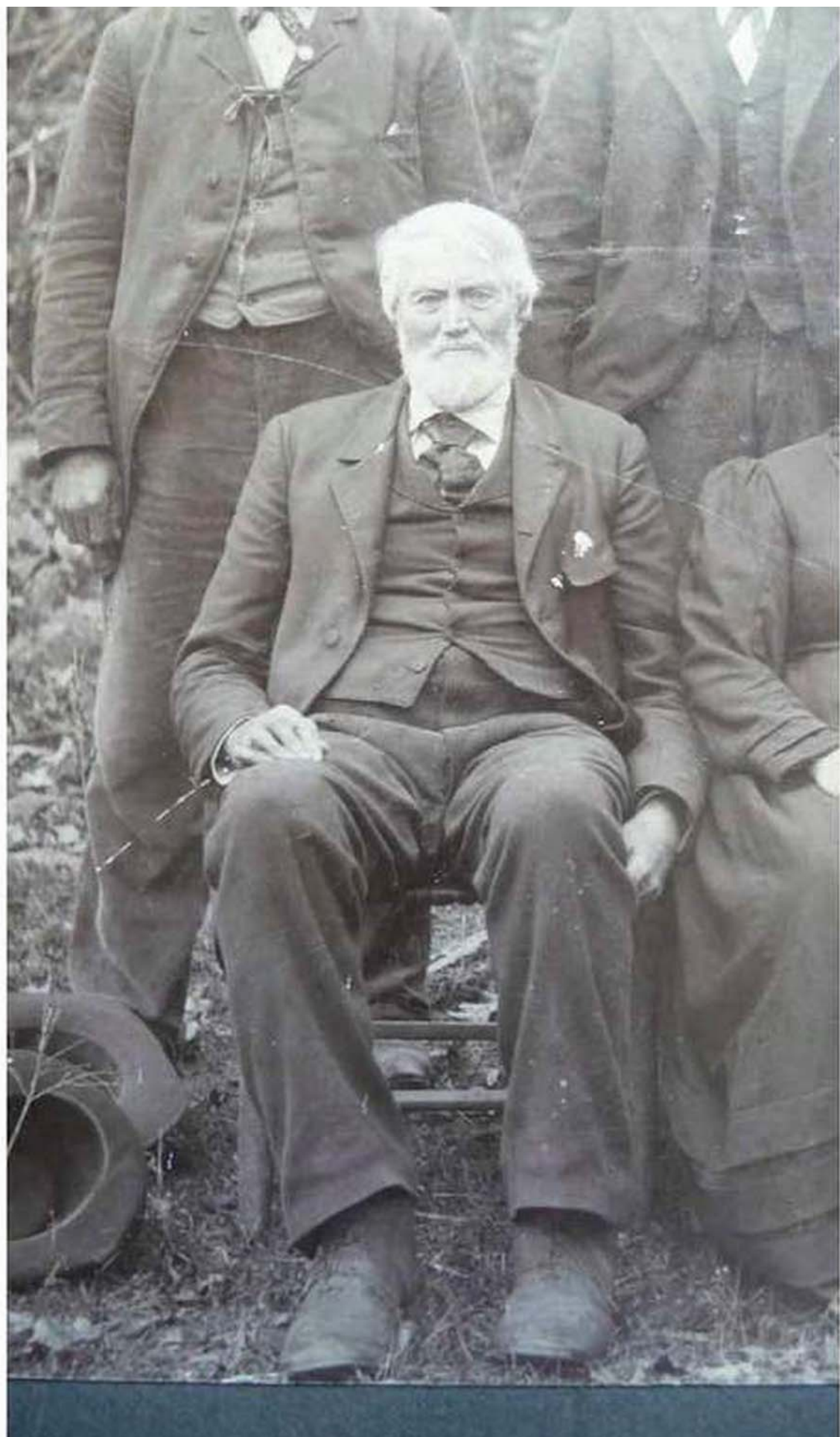














# PIONEER DAYS

presents

*West Virginia's Poet Laureate*  
**DR. LOUISE McNEILL PEASE**

*and*

## Mementos of The Rolling Years

• Nostalgic •      • Humorous •  
• Enlightening •

*Authentic Apparel*  
*Memorable Modes and Manners*

A NARRATED PRESENTATION

*written and directed by*  
**RUTH M. MORGAN**

Musical Accompaniment  
**KATHERINE SNYDER**

Augmented by a Barbershop Quartet  
and  
"Youthful Merriment"  
Dance Coordinator—Genevieve Martin

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 13, 1979 — 8:45 P.M.  
MARLINTON ATHLETIC FIELD

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## Research

Betty M. Holden

Dorothy M. Backs

Marian Jarvinen

---

## Apparel

Elizabeth Gay  
Marguerite Gay

Evah Harper  
Ann Pennypacker

Louise Barlow  
Sheila Burns

---

## Make-Up

Natalie Austin

Dann Miller

Nancy Galford

---

## Staging

Richard Barlow  
Jean Hite

Robert Viers  
Joe Smith  
Mary Jane Galford

Jane Price Sharp  
Harvey Galford

---

## Properties

Wanda Eye

Pamela Sharpes

---

## Background Screen Design

Betty Barlow

---

## IN APPRECIATION

—To the many people who have given  
enthusiastically of their time and talents;  
—To the many persons for lending or  
wearing cherished and preserved posses-  
sions of yesteryear, thus making this  
presentation possible.

---



Master of Ceremonies  
William P. McNeel

### PROLOGUE

POETRY READING ..... Dr. Louise McNeill Pease  
"My Home Among the Hills" ..... E. W. James, Jr.  
Solist ..... Rebecca Perry  
Barbershop Quartet ..... Charles Fauber, Daniel Curry,  
Larry Yagodzinski, Harry Holsapple

## Mementos of the Rolling Years

Narrator  
Deloris Hunter

EARLY SETTLER ..... Ina Montgomery  
"Apple Butter Makin' in the Fall"  
Glenna Hayes, Eva Shrader, Marguerite Gay  
"Youthful Merriment" ..... Dancers  
Rick Barlow Gray Beverage  
Charma Roy Lowell Underwood Kathy Underwood  
Drama Sharp  
Ken Underwood Mike Friel Tony Sharp  
Laura Howell Irene White

IRIDESCENT GREEN TAFFETA ..... Betty Rae Wellford  
BROWN TAFFETA/BLACK LACE ..... Carol McNeill  
GREY WEDDING SUIT ..... Nancy Gelford  
BROWN WEDDING SUIT/SPOON BONNET ..... Frances Baldwin  
BLUE WEDDING DRESS ..... Susan Viers  
"WIDOW'S WEEDS" ..... Sheila Burns  
BROWN DRESS/BONNET/EGG BASKET ..... Nancy Martin  
THE ELDERLY COUPLE ..... Johnnie and Madeline Hill  
"When You and I Were Young, Maggie" ..... Barbershop Quartet  
"Camptown Races"  
"Saturday Night Ritual"  
Paula Newkirk, Brian Friel,  
Johnny Rose, Charles Edward McElwee  
"O' Susanna" ..... Barbershop Quartet  
"Beautiful Dreamer," "And the Band Played On"  
ELEGANTLY DRESSED LADY ..... Merry Young  
PURPLE WITH BLACK LACE ..... Annette Kramer  
GOLD/BLACK WITH PUFFED SLEEVES ..... Elizabeth Newkirk  
GREEN WOOL/TAFFETA ..... Frances McPeters  
"The Proper Young Ladies"  
"The Sultan's Proposal"  
Richard Barlow III  
THE DAINTIES ..... Mary White Simmons  
THE GIBSON GIRL ..... Lynette Anderson  
THE COUNTRY DOCTOR ..... Raymond Gibson  
THE WEDDING DRESS ..... Sallie Daugherty

\*Copy of original from Pocahontas County family.



SECOND DAY DRESS .....	Linda Lundy
THE PERAMBULATOR .....	Ann Pennypacker and daughter, Elizabeth
"The Proper Upbringing"	
Denise McNeel, Jessica Fauber, Melissa Gafford	
Connie Sue Campbell, Stacy Sharpes, Joshua Hunter	
"Afternoon Callers"	
Geraldine Dilley, Almira Shrader, Barbara Campbell,	
Todd Gay, Katie Gay, Brian Snyder	
THE NIGHT PARADER .....	Charles Edward McElwee
"Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?" .....	Barbershop Quartet
"Play Me An Old Fashioned Waltz"	
ANTICIPATING THE PICNIC .....	Candy Harper, Mary Silman, Rebecca Perry
THE AFTERNOON EVENT .....	Natalie Austin
SUGAR 'n SPICE .....	Dorothy Jessen
PINK STRIPED SILK .....	Barbara Jane Shaw
"Exultation of the Age"	
Delmar Dilley, Frank Lindsay	
LINEN DUSTERS	
Nancy Daugherty, Helen Davis	
THE BLACK TAFFETA .....	Diana Cooper
LADIES' SPORT .....	Libby Haxrode
THE SOPHISTICATED AGE .....	Dreams Barnes
THE FLAPPERS .....	Kitty Gwathmey and Pam Ladd
THE BLACK LACE .....	Isabel McElwee
CHIFFON EVENING GOWN .....	Vern Ann Curry

#### "A CENTURY OF FASHION"

assisted by

Houston Simmons Ernest Shaw

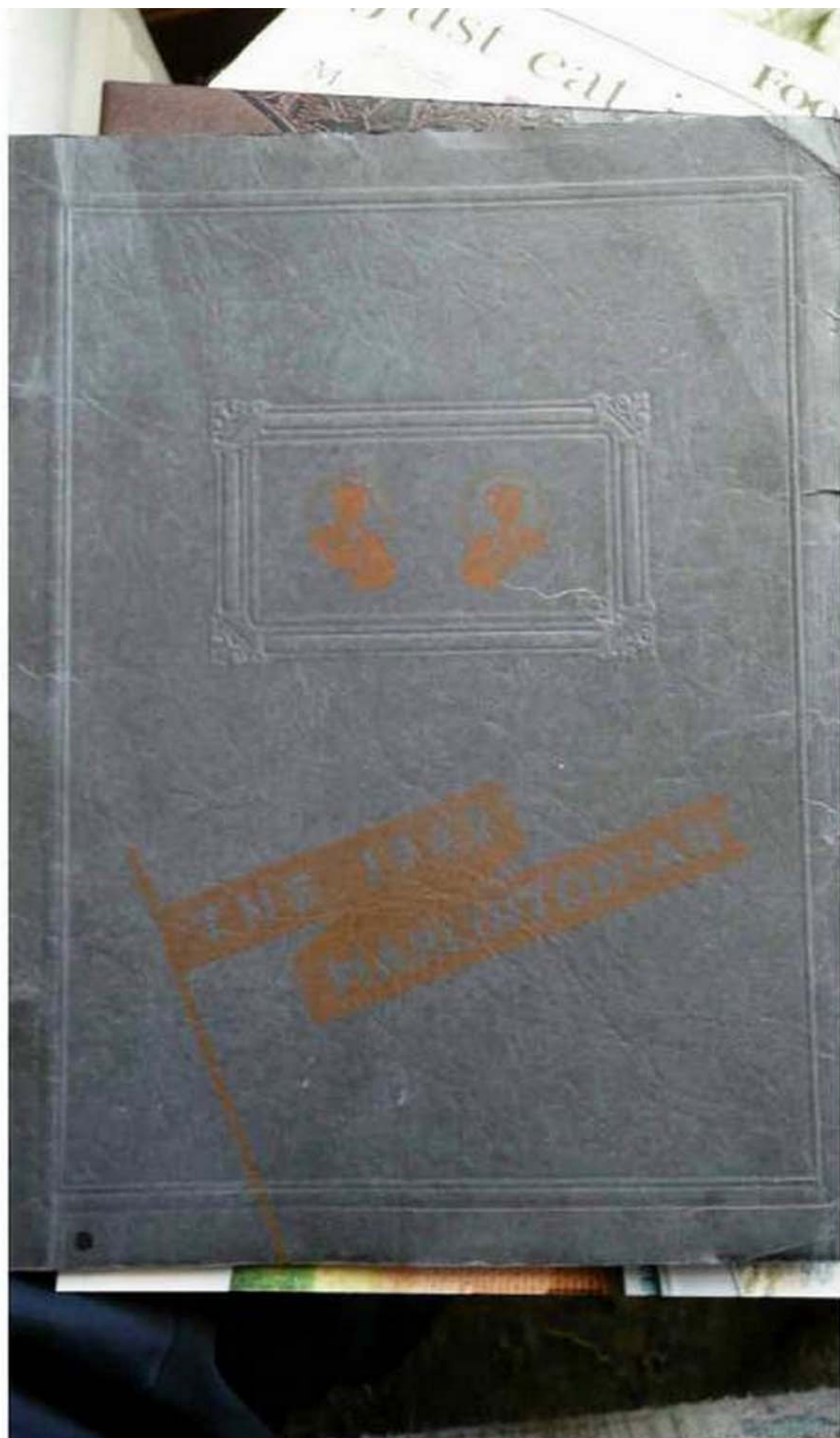
#### FINALE

"The West Virginia Hills" .....	H. W. Engle
[Audience Join In Singing]	

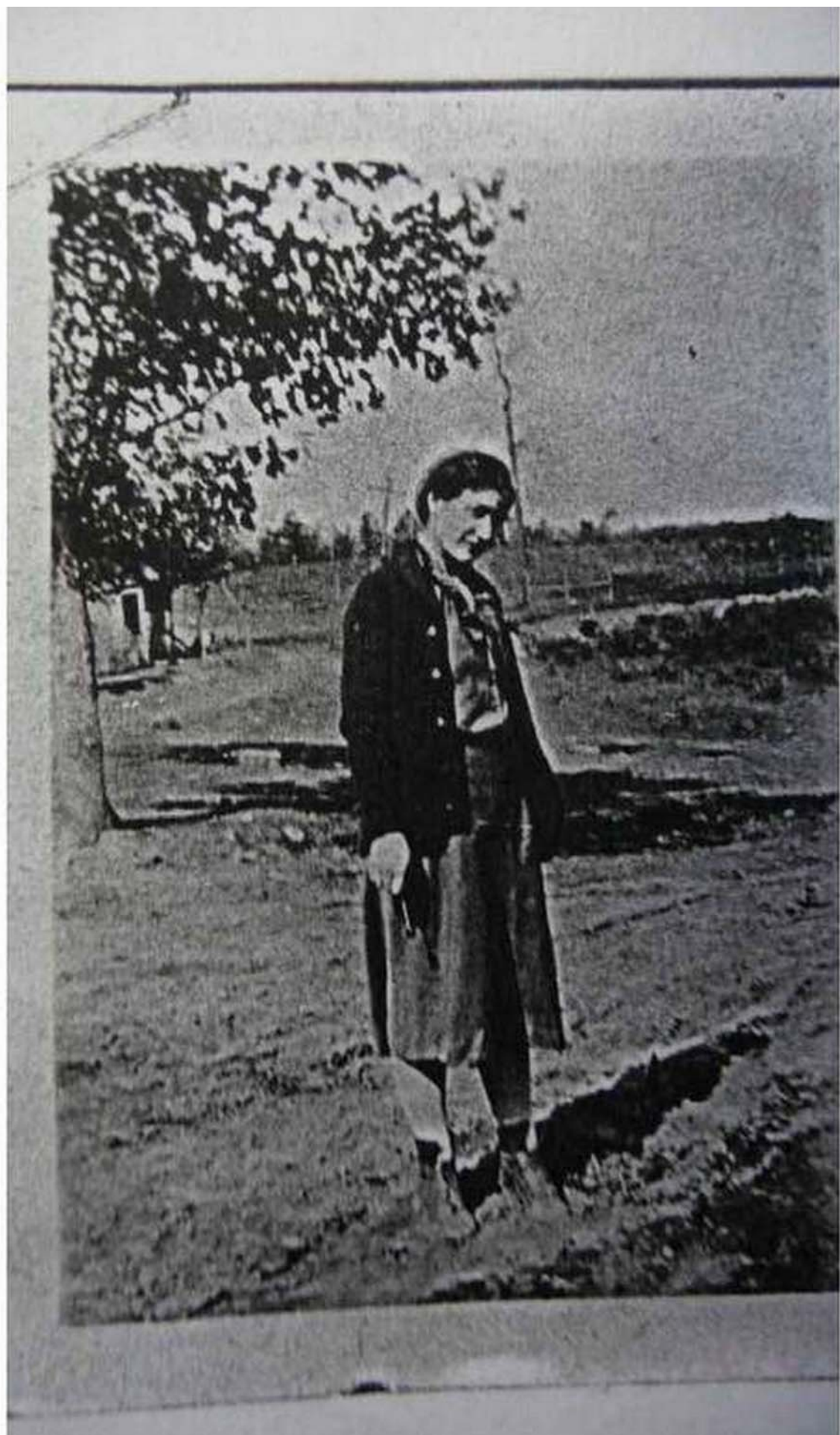
Oh, the West Virginia hills!  
 How majestic and how grand,  
 With their summits bathed in glory  
 Like our Prince Immanuel's land!  
 Is it any wonder then,  
 That my heart with rapture thrills,  
 As I stand once more with loved ones  
 On those West Virginia hills!

#### CHORUS

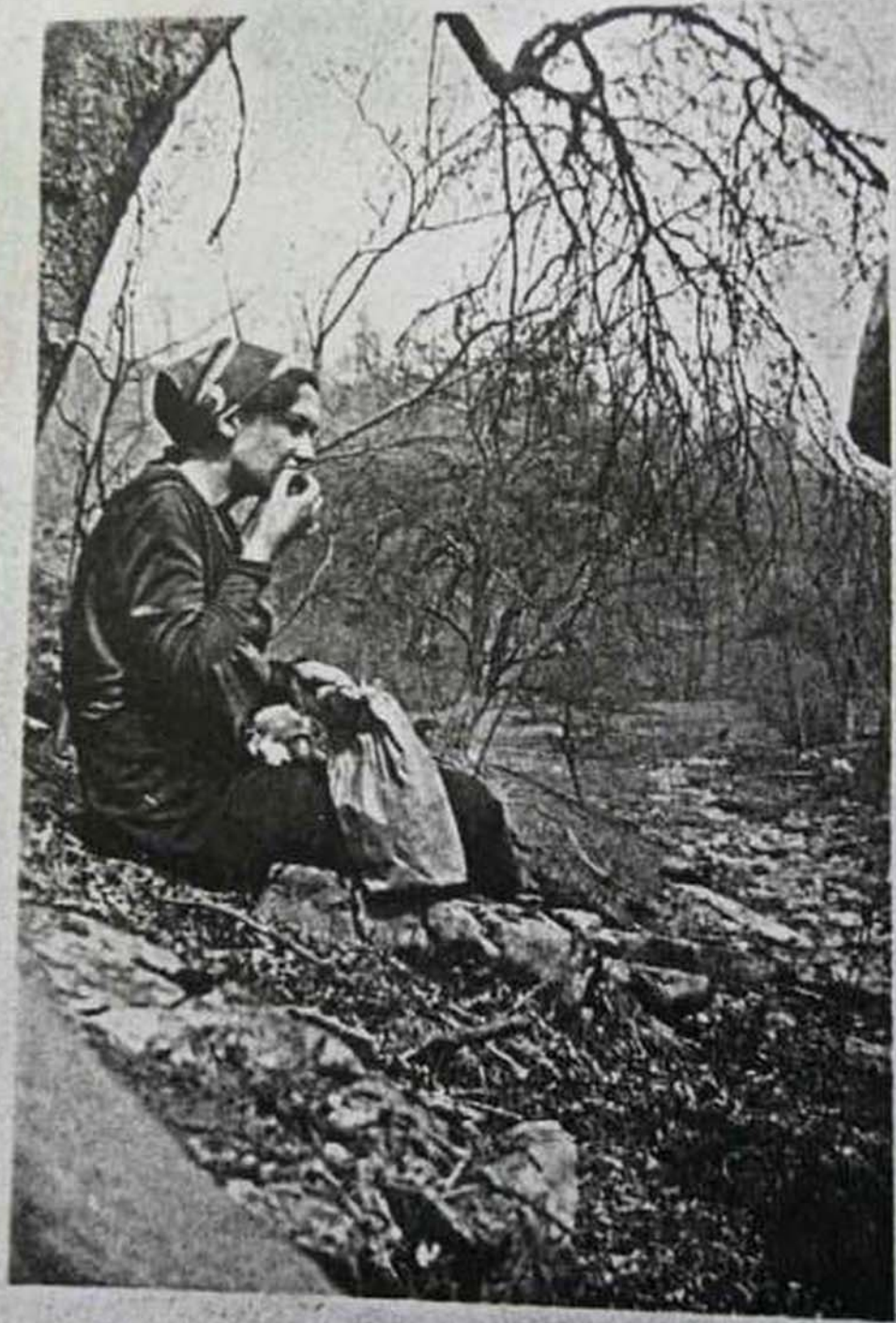
O the hills, beautiful hills,  
 How I love those West Virginia hills;  
 If o'er sea or land I roam  
 Still I'll think of happy home,  
 And the friends among the West Virginia hills.





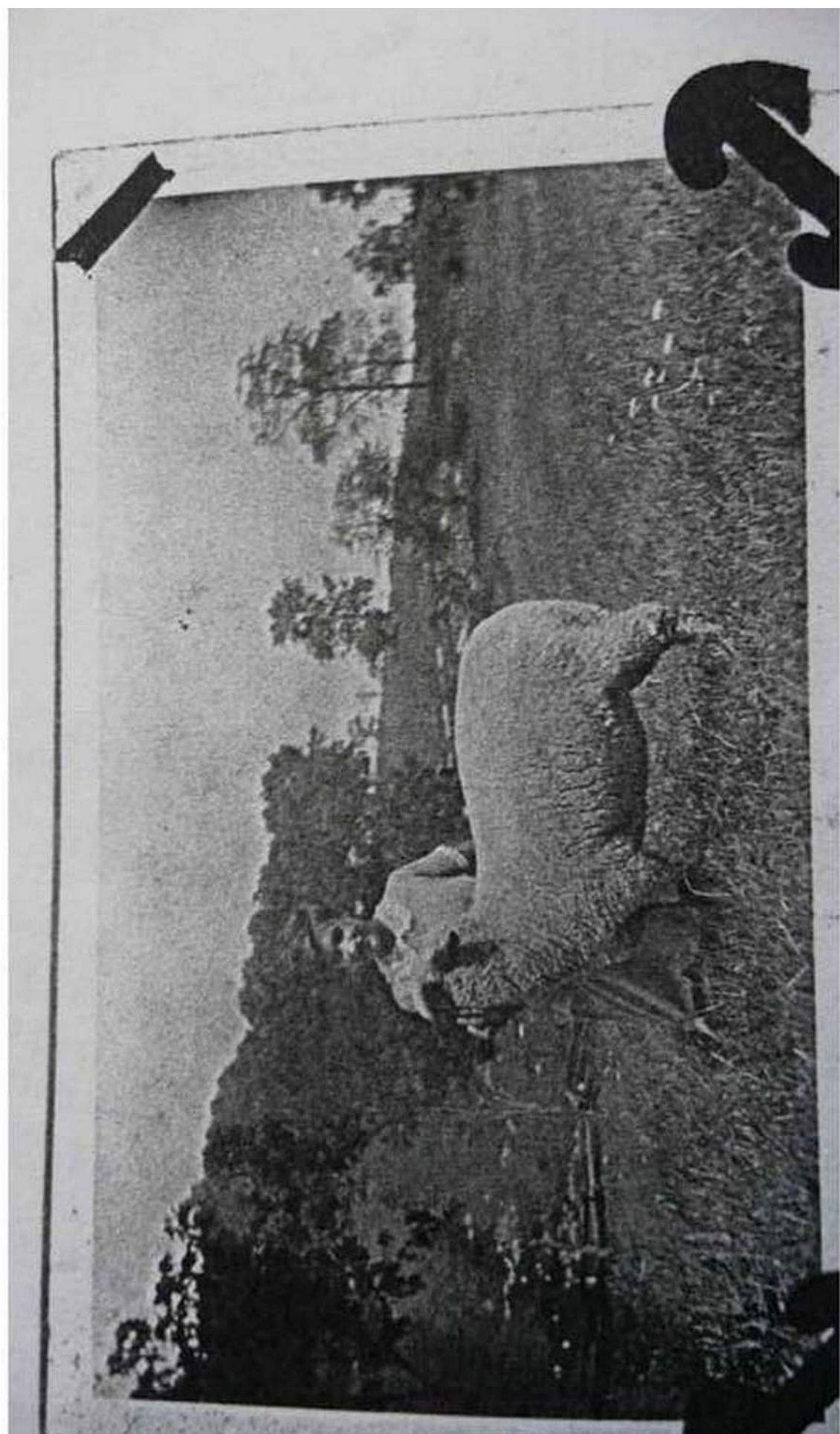














Dorcas Farm - Dorcas Falls Indiana Bath Co.

Thomas McNeill - 1768 - 1989 = 221 yrs.  
Original 300 A. - Lived Am. Riv. - 2 exhumations  
H. S. - 1877 - 1964 = Prof., Surgeon, Teacher, Traveller,  
Writer -

Forrest -

Wm. The Teacher -

Capt. J. M. - 1823 - 1911 - Captured Civil War - Sheriff Mt.  
18 mo. H. S. (Union - 1864)

H. S. - 1877 - 1964 = Prof., Surgeon, Teacher, Traveller,  
Writer -

> House - State Arch. Laureate -

J. M. - 1877 - 1964

8 Generations -

Deat Glen - Date of Birth - Scotland - Phil - by  
Indiana Co. - Is. - Suago - Castle Stett 1810  
In good condition.

Indiana House -

Deat Glen - 1768 - 1989 = 221 yrs.  
Cabinets - beds - tables (Cherry, Oak, Pine)

24<sup>th</sup> - Day Box - 1774 -

Robert Brooke, Laguna Hov. Va. 1774 -

THOMAS McNEILL  
MONUMENT DEDICATION  
SERVICE



October 24, 1981

1:30 P.M.

Buckeye, West Virginia



1776 © 1976

THOMAS MCNEILL

ca. 1747 - ca. 1800

AT THE SITE OF THIS SITE IN 1760 THE HOUSE  
BUILT BY 1760.  
AT FIRST IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND BEYOND TWO  
MOUNTAINS UNDER GEORGIA HOUSE/CLAY



let us now praise famous men,  
 and our fathers in their generations,  
 the Lord appointed to them great glory,  
 his wisdom from the beginning.  
 There were those who ruled in their kingdoms,  
 and were men renowned for their power,  
 giving counsel by their understanding,  
 and practicing prophesies;  
 leaders of the people in their deliberations,  
 wise in their words of instruction;  
 those who composed musical tunes,  
 and set forth verses in writing;  
 rich men furnished with resources,  
 living unscathed in their habitations--  
 all these were honored in their generations,  
 and were the glory of their times.  
 There are some of them who have left a name,  
 so that men declare their praise.  
 And there are some who have no memorial,  
 who have perished as though they had not lived.  
 But these were men of mercy,  
 whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten;  
 their prosperity will remain with their descendants,  
 and their inheritance to their children's children.  
 Their posterity will continue for ever.  
 And their glory will not be blotted out.  
 Their bodies were buried in peace.  
 And their name lives to all generations.  
 Peoples will declare their wisdom.  
 And the congregation proclaims their praise.

--Ecclesiasticus 44:1-4ac, 5-9ab,  
 10-11, 13-15

Opening Remarks . . . . . Billy McNeill  
 5th generation

Scripture . . . . . Story McAllister  
 Ecclesiasticus 44: 1-4 ac,  
 5-9 ab, 10-11, 13-15  
 7th generation

Prayer . . . . . Grady Moore  
 Ancestral Relation

Poem - "The Flame" . . . . . written by Louise McNeill  
 read by Anabelle McNeill

Reception to be held immediately following  
 Dedication Service at the White House, which  
 stands on the original Thomas McNeill land.

Let us now praise famous men,  
and our fathers in their generations.  
The Lord apportioned to them great glory,  
his majesty from the beginning.  
There were those who ruled in their kingdoms,  
and were men renowned for their power,  
giving counsel by their understanding,  
and proclaiming prophecies;  
leaders of the people in their deliberations,  
wise in their words of instruction;  
those who composed musical tunes,  
and set forth verses in writing;  
rich men furnished with resources,  
living peaceably in their habitations--  
all these were honored in their generations,  
and were the glory of their times.  
There are some of them who have left a name,  
so that men declare their praise.  
And there are some who have no memorial,  
who have perished as though they had not lived.  
But these were men of mercy,  
whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten;  
their prosperity will remain with their descendants,  
and their inheritance to their children's children.  
Their posterity will continue for ever.  
And their glory will not be blotted out.  
Their bodies were buried in peace.  
And their name lives to all generations.  
Peoples will declare their wisdom,  
And the congregation proclaims their praise.

--Ecclesiasticus 44:1-4ac,5-9ab,  
10-11, 13-15

Opening Remarks . . . . . BTix McNeill  
6th generation

Scripture . . . . . Stacy McCallister  
7th generation  
(Ecclesiasticus 44: 1-4 ac,  
5-9 ab, 10-11, 13-15)

Prayer . . . . . Grady Moore  
Ancestral Relation

Poem - "The Flame" . . . . . written by Louise McNeill  
read by Annabelle McNeill

Reception to be held immediately following  
Dedication Service at the White House, which  
stands on the original Thomas McNeill land.





**THE SENATUS**

**1954**



DR. McNEILL

Professor George Douglas McNeill is a native of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, and received his early education in the public schools of West Virginia. He holds an A.B. Degree from Concord State College, A.M. Degree from Miami University, and the LL.B. and LL.M. Degrees from the National University Law School of Washington. He also pursued graduate study at West Virginia University and the University of Cincinnati. He was awarded an Honorary Doctor of Laws Degree from Davis and Elkins College in May of 1951.

Professor McNeill has practiced law in West Virginia courts and has served as Prosecuting Attorney for Pocahontas County. In his youth Dr. McNeill served as Yeoman in the U. S. Navy and was with the Round-the-World Fleet, 1907-09. He has taught in the public schools of West Virginia and has served as administrator both in high schools and the grade schools. For many years he has served Davis and Elkins College as a professor and Head of the Department of Social Sciences. He is the author of elementary school texts and is the author of a volume of shortstories, *The Last Forest*.

We shall all remember Professor McNeill as a distinguished teacher, author, and servant of Davis and Elkins College.





DR. MCNEILL

## REFLECTIONS

80 in years but only 40 in Action! A big salute to you ladies of the 80's---Seek---Reach---Teach!

Now I've taken pen in hand to write you a line  
Dedicated especially to you ladies so fine.

You found the time to teach and reach each of us that follow your steps. You took one end of the rope and I the other as you taught us there's always hope in the goal to reach as easy as skipping a rope you'd say! God has granted you strength and faith as we traveled the road together and through your grace you taught us to laugh and to smile with love never giving up or complaining just always going the extra mile explaining----It's really easy you'll see!

In early years you traveled the roads in your Model T Ford, laughing merrily and with glee all the way. To club meetings you would go with perfect attendance always to show. Now in later years you travel in a big sleek line and with style but the years has not changed because you are still all aglow with a sparkle in your eyes, grace in your steps and a glowing smile.



We've climbed the mountains together you and I and sometimes we'd stumble, but together we still climbed --higher and higher to our goals using the rocks as a stepping-stone. Onward and onward we'd go. No stopping us from work. We'd never shun but was always ready to advance with the rising sun.

Today your inspiration still reigns in our hearts, as you taught us love, patience and fun right from the start. You give of yourself, your talents without any expectation of recognition. You've been super without a doubt to many a young member just starting out. You've taken our hand and graciously led us on into projects, lessons and crafts without a demand. It's a pleasure to work with ladies never tiring of lending a hand but in doing as well.

You've been especially super and nice. Because today your inspiration still reigns in our hearts, loving you all the while and we sure are happy you're still alive!

Reflections to the world in what you have done and all have copied your style both old and young. You did it with grace and given so much fun. As your job you did, we applaud you as well done. Reflection is like a beautiful rose, laden with due when I think of you!

May God bless you is my prayer and we're looking forward to more years ahead in which to share all the nice things you've done but in doing it all you've been especially nice!

*Let me, be encouraged Today, as  
we embark on a new beginning.*











